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SCHUMANN'S MUSIC TO LORD BYRON'S "MANFRED."

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL GRAF WALDERSEE.

(Concluded from page 74.)

We descend now into the nether world,—into the hall of Ahri-man. He sits on his throne, a ball of fire; the spirits sing a hymn to him.

When the spirits of the lower world offer a hymn of praise to their master, heaven and earth tremble. To make this palpable to sense required the unfolding of great tone masses. Accordingly, the orchestra is strengthened by instruments of brass and of percussion, and this mightily resounding body is united with the singing chorus. Reproduction of the text in the garb of musical thought frequently suggests itself; for example, at the words: "And a tempest shakes the sea." Illustration of the text through a peculiar tone color may perhaps be recognized in the entrance of the tuba, when the chorus sings: "His shadow is the Pestilence." In the voice parts great animation is reached by the rapid setting in of one part after another in free imitation. The total impression which this hymn produces is a powerful one. It is not the quantitative mass of the resounding material that takes hold of us; it is the grandiose plan on which it is laid out, and the broadly painted working out of the idea, that draws us within its magic spell.

The Paræ and Nemesis appear, on their part also, showing their allegiance to Ahri-man. Then Manfred enters. In the ensuing dialogue, in which the spirits try to compel him to bend the knee before Ahri-man and worship him, the chorus mingles twice more,—episodes of a few bars, expressive of the rage that has taken possession of the spirits that an earth-born mortal should presume to intrude into their domain. This relates to the words of the text:—

"Prostrate thyself and thy condemned clay,
Child of the Earth, or dread the worst."

And later:—

"Destroy the worm!
Tear him in pieces!"

When the ruler of the lower world opens his mouth to speak (it is done in a few words), the brazen throats of the trombones and tuba do not fail.

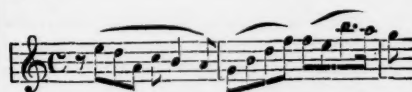
But silence now, ye trumpets, silence, ye drums; it does not become you to take part in the conversation; it demands the soft whisperings of muted strings in order that she, who alone is able to drop balm into the wounded heart of our hero, may appear,—Astarte! The elegiac mood comes to the foreground. Words of Nemesis are accom-

panied by a sad and plaintive melody; only at the end of each of its two sections do we find the addition of harmony; even the support of any bass is wanting to the first measures. With the closing chord the shade of Astarte rises up. A fragment of the same melody is presently brought again before us, when Nemesis lets Manfred entreat Astarte to speak. The entreaty fails. Manfred begins:—

"Hear me, hear me,—
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me.
..... Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
..... I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music,—speak to me!"

The passions rest, the anguished heart sues for forgiveness, which only love can vouchsafe. This mood seizes Schumann. He chooses the song form. Mild, love-breathing tones, deeply, warmly felt, press to the heart; it is the language only given to the poet by the grace of God to speak. The answers of Astarte are not pointed, although the accompaniment, with her appearance, grows somewhat more lively. Softly, as it began, the song dies away, in faint lustre mirroring the newly found peace of soul. Before the spirit of Astarte vanishes, we recognize the same motive which we have met already in the overture, and which was there characterized as the expression of a melancholy, milder mood.

With the words, "Fare ye well!" Manfred leaves the lower world, and while the orchestra intones a short movement which stands related to the hymn, the second part concludes. The third leads us into Manfred's castle. The spirit world lies behind us; Manfred has renounced it, and now, with firm eye, meets the approach of death. The powers of hell have refused; heaven he has closed against himself; he gives himself back to the earth. Peace comes over him. Let us consider in what way Schumann musically illustrates this new sense of repose. The movement is based upon the following motive:—



It is introduced by the first violin; the violoncello follows in free imitation; in the last measures, where flutes and bassoons associate themselves with the string quintet, the beginning of the motive is elaborated in the most ingenious manner. That this musical thought bears in itself the expression of great tenderness, must certainly be recognized; but it first acquires its true worth through the accession of other very independent voices. The employment of the strict (*gebundenen*) style of writing evidently shows with what a fine feeling the right tone was hit.

"Peace to Count Manfred!" With these words the Abbot of St. Maurice introduces himself. In the first conception of the poem he was depicted as intolerant and hard. By the advice of his friends, Byron concluded to remodel it, and presents us a soft-hearted,

truly pious priest. That the poem gained by the alteration is clear enough.

The text of the third part affords but single moments which are adapted to melodramatic treatment. But with wise judgment even these are confined to a narrower selection, and the music gradually recedes into the background, as indeed it assumes the secondary rôle in the whole drama, making itself auxiliary to the sister Art. The music fits itself in aphoristically, when Manfred in his monologue takes leave of the sun. The design is unmistakable that the spoken word here, even more than in other places, shall hold the upper hand, and so the music steps in only in single phrases. Only in the last ten measures does it become self-dependent; I allude to the wonderfully beautiful succession of harmonies which accompany the setting of the sun and Manfred's "He is gone: I follow."

We draw near the catastrophe. The form of the Evil Spirit rises, at first indistinctly, but always coming out in sharper outline. With the summons of the Spirit, "Come! 'tis time; mortal, thine hour is come. Away!" are coupled deep-lying chords of the wind-instruments, which thrill to the marrow of our bones. Other spirits appear; a prickly figure in the string instruments introduces them: first softly, then more strongly, the trumpets take up the transition to the remote chord of C minor. "I spurn ye back," cries Manfred; the strings answer in a *unisono* run *fortissimo*:—

"Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of death is on me,—but not yours!"

The demons disappear. Plaintively the violins sound a triplet passage; the orchestra unites in a chord of the seventh. Do we not seem to perceive a question here addressed to Fate?

Organ tones resound from the distant cloister; the requiem is heard. As said before, this text is not contained in the poem. Byron would not have refrained from a sarcastic smile had he seen this appendix, and one must confess that its interpolation is hardly justifiable. It completely contradicts the poem; it repudiates the dogmas of the Catholic Church, since for one who rejects its blessings out of hand no requiem is sung. Involuntarily one associates the present priest with the cloister hymn; the assumption that the requiem might be for another is too improbable. If Schumann had placed this song in the orchestra, instead of assigning it to the choir and organ, an image would have arisen more appropriate to the situation. One can only suspect that the composer had in his eye not only a peculiar musical, but also a theatrical effect. And this he has reached in the fullest measure. In what precedes, the passions are stirred up in such a manner that it requires a soothing antithesis, which cannot express itself better than in a church-like, soft conclusion. As a piece of music, the requiem is worthy of special consideration. It is wrought out as a double canon. Soprano and tenor on the one hand, alto and bass on the other, sing each a canon in the

octave. That the strictest and severest musical form, that of the canon, is able also to interpret moments of the highest tragedy, is proved by the last measures here. One voice after the other disappears; only one maintains its place, until it too is dumb, and dying Manfred with it. The spirits of life forsake him one after another; one still lingers; this vanishes,—*thou too art dumb!*

"Et lux perpetua luceat eis!"

If we let this music in its collective impression pass once more before our mental eye, we cannot fail to recognize in it one of the most significant tone-creations. It contains so many salient moments, that an enumeration of them would be useless; the heart and kernel of its excellence lies perhaps in its successful union with the poem. The poetry of this, as well as the mystery, had to be transferred to the music, and who could have been better qualified to perform this than Robert Schumann? A great admirer of Jean Paul, and highly romantic himself, he had already shown in earlier compositions that the musical representation of the marvellous came natural to him; and all too frequently we meet in him a certain nervous tendency to measure such material with his own mood. Sympathetically he becomes absorbed in the poet; he follows him wherever the path may lead, through bush and briar, over rocks, and smooths many a rough place in the poem through the tenderness of his harmonies. He thrills us in the expression of despair; in that of dejection he moves us almost to tears. Wherever the music lends itself to the spoken word, the latter is the gainer; he raises melodrama to an art form.

A LISZT-IAN PROGRAMME.

(From the *Neue Freie Presse*,¹ Vienna.)

An attraction of an unusual description characterized the Extraordinary Concert given by the Society of the Friends of Music on the evening of Good Friday. Liszt was to be seen—Liszt, standing at the flower-adorned conductor's desk, and holding in his hand a small conducting-stick, which he occasionally used with a distinguished air. The programme comprised only three compositions, all by himself: a Vocal Mass, then *Die Ideale* (a symphonic poem), and, lastly, *Die Glocken der Strassburger Münster*. A man certainly requires a deeply contemplative and Passion-Weekish frame of mind to sit out a concert and listen while an entire mass is being performed merely by men's voices with organ accompaniment. Among the very unusual and exceptional Masses for the execution of which in the concert-room a good justification may be found, most decidedly nobody will include this Vocal Mass of Liszt's, deficient as it is in all orchestral adornment. Its proper place is undoubtedly the church, and the work might have been written specially for one of those rigorously conducted sacred institutions (like the Sistine Chapel, in Rome, or All Saints', in Munich), where all instrumental accompaniments are on principle excluded.

¹ Translation from the *London Musical World*.

The narrow range and similarity of character peculiar to four-part male singing must produce monotony in the course of any long composition, and the monotony will be felt most acutely in a mass when heard in a concert-room, where, without the help of religious reverence and sacred surroundings, we can seek only musical edification. The powerful organ accompaniment, which in Liszt's Mass progresses with the melody, proves a doubtful acquisition; employed sparingly, and as much as possible alternating and contrasting with the chorus, it would work better. When, however, the organ, with all its stops blustering forth, over-rides the melody, it changes the monotony from simple monotony to deafening monotony. The most agreeable effect is produced by the 'Kyrie,' which is naturally rounded without being commonplace, devout without straining after symbolification. But the composer cannot, it is true, suffer this simplicity long; he soon seeks in the accumulation of striking modulations to atone for the instrumental opportunities he renounces, and some of these (in the 'Agnus Dei,' for example) are among the most abrupt and ungrateful ever confided to the intonation of singers not 'infallible.' Whether the Mass and the compositions which followed transported or merely satisfied the audience, or actually wearied them, we cannot decide. That is a question not to be determined when Liszt's compositions are recommended by the magic of his own personality. His power of fascination is undeniable; very many among the audience listen with indifference, or more probably dissatisfaction, but their eyes are fixed on Liszt, and—they applaud.

With *Die Ideale*, a "symphonic poem," founded on Schiller's verses, we became acquainted twenty years ago, when the then young Tausig produced it with other orchestral compositions from the same source. Since then, we have dwelt so often and so exhaustively upon Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen* that we dare not tire the reader with repetitions. *Die Ideale* has the merits and defects of its eleven symphonic sisters. Step by step, with the strictness of a ballet-programme, the music follows Schiller's verses, seeking to bribe hearers by a special poetic interest not its own. The orchestration, sparkling with a thousand effects, is a showy garment covering a badly nourished and weakly body. Now and then there crops up a melodic fragment, such, for instance, as the four-bar motive in E flat major, intended to illustrate the words: "*Wie einst mit flehendem Verlangen Pygmalion den Stein umschloss.*" Such themes, or rather thematic beginnings, are not organically developed in Liszt, but incessantly repeated, diluted, and starved. The pompous final movement, eked out with Turkish music, ends by exhibiting in the gaudy splendor of a military parade the would-be ideality of the *Ideale* contemplated.

Whatever objections may be urged against the Vocal Mass and *Die Ideale*, both are works of high art compared to Liszt's last tone-poem, *Die Glocken des Strassburger Münster*. Written for barytone solo, mixed chorus, full orchestra, and organ, this composition belongs

to the class of dramatized concert-ballads, which Schumann cultivated in his last period. The poem (by Longfellow) consists exclusively of dramatic dialogue, and the action is laid round the top of the Cathedral spire. Lucifer commands the Evil Spirits to attack the Cross, as holding them up to scorn. But the Cathedral Bells peal out and frustrate the criminal design. Five times is Lucifer's summons repeated with ever increasing vehemence, followed by the hesitating reply of the Spirits of the air and the pious chorus of the bells. The bells play something like the part of yard-dogs, whose energetic barking frightens intending thieves. In the end, the Demons abandon their attempt and sweep furiously away, while the Gregorian Chant with organ accompaniment is heard swelling through the Cathedral.¹

It is no easy task for us to enounce our opinion of this peculiar work—its composer's last. We would fain bear in mind the respect due to Liszt as a man, the admiration entertained for him as a genial artist, the veneration enforced by his years. Yet we must candidly state the impression produced on ourselves individually by a work introduced with high pretensions and lavish resources. The Bells of Strassburg Cathedral will long ring in our ears! When this Christian legend, steeped in Turkish music, had reached the culminating point, when the most awe-inspiring dissonances came closer and closer upon one another, when the imploring cries of ill-treated human voices mingled in the wild strife of kettle-drums, horns, and trombones, and when to all this were added incessantly pealing Bells, we felt that Music lay dead on the ground, while the Strassburg Bells were tolling for her funeral.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

CHERUBINI'S D-MINOR MASS IN LONDON.

The Bach Choir are to be cordially congratulated on their production of the great Mass in D-minor of Cherubini, a work which is not only the longest Mass ever written, but has many claims to be considered the *magnum opus* of the great musician of the first French Empire. Unfortunately for the audience, the "book of words" contained no analysis of the music, nor, indeed, anything beyond the text and a few irrelevant biographical remarks on Cherubini's life. Other works, save one, written in various languages, about Cherubini, are equally reticent, and those who wish to discover facts about the Mass in question have only the admirable work by Mr. Edward Bellasis, published in London six years ago, to fall back upon. Even Mr. Bellasis notices the extraordinary silence of writers on Cherubini upon the Mass in question. All we know can be gathered from the catalogue of his works drawn up by Cherubini himself, and from it we learn that the Mass was begun at the end of March, 1811, and was finished on the 7th of October in the same year; the entire composition, therefore, having been begun and ended in Paris. That Cherubini regarded the Mass as a loved child, there is abundant evidence. His revision of the

¹ The score requires four large bells in the deep bass tones, E flat, E, F, and F sharp. The expense of procuring and, still more, the difficulty of putting these bells on the concert-platform, caused them to be replaced on the present occasion by two gongs, a large one and a small one, with the effect of which the composer expressed himself highly satisfied.

elaborate score extended over a number of years, while the "Sanctus" (though the original still exists) was recomposed in 1822. That the Mass in question is the longest ever written has already been mentioned, and an elaborate comparison on this point is printed in Mr. Bellasis' book. On this authority (and it would be a work of infinite labor to check the figures) it seems that while Cherubini's Mass in D minor has 2563 bars, his Mass in F (written in 1808) has only 2033 bars, while the Mass in D (composed in 1819) of Beethoven has but 1929 bars, and the Mass in C (written in 1810) also of Beethoven, has but 1256 bars. This extraordinary length is devoted entirely to the Kyrie, Gloria, and Credo, Beethoven having the honor (if any special honor be attached to such a question) of having written the longest Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei.

The performance last Wednesday by the Bach Choir of Cherubini's Mass in D minor was stated to be its first in this country, and there is little reason to doubt the correctness of this assertion. No public record can be found of its performance by any society until Wednesday last; while its inordinate length, and the large orchestra, and chorus, and the six solo vocalists it requires, have probably prevented its performance in its entirety at any of the Catholic churches of this kingdom. Parts of it have undoubtedly been heard at concerts, and in the course of the services of the Roman Catholic Church. Again, the well-thumbed and dog-eared score used by Herr Otto Goldschmidt on Wednesday showed abundantly that the work had been performed, if not in England, at least elsewhere. As a matter of fact, it has been heard in Paris, in parts and in whole, often with the omission of the repeats. On Wednesday it was, I believe, given from beginning to end, with the new "Sanctus," which replaces the old in the printed score, and in every respect exactly as Cherubini intended it should be given. And it may be accepted as a fact that, despite its extraordinary length, and that the performance extended over upwards of two hours, not a single person present in St. James' Hall (which was crowded by the most eminent professors of this country) arose from his seat wishing that a single bar had been omitted, or with aught than admiration of the grandeur of the work and of the extraordinary ability of its composer.

To attempt any sort of analysis of the Mass in D minor within reasonable space, or in any newspaper not specially devoted to music, would be alike unwise and impracticable. The best analysis in a modest compass will be found in Mr. Bellasis' book, already quoted. The score is so complex that columns might be written in descriptive analysis of a work by a composer of whom Fétis complained: "For a light piece in one act" (the opéra comique "Le Crescendo") "he has written a score of five hundred and twenty-two pages in small notes." Roughly speaking, it may be said that while the Mass of Cherubini may to a certain extent be considered the connecting link between the classic Church compositions of the older Italian age and the music of the present day, it on its performance on Wednesday seemed, even to the hearer of to-day, as fresh and as admirable for its lofty conception, its dramatic intensity, and its complexity of detail, as though it had been written by a great master a year ago. The "Kyrie" has 437 bars, and is in three sections, the first and last being for chorus, and the middle section for quartet. The "Gloria," the largest section of the work, not excepting the "Creed," has 895 bars, divided between a chorus, a trio for soprano, tenor and bass, a chorus, a quartet, and a quartet and chorus. In this section is found some of the finest music in the work, and notably the "Qui tollis," the "Quoniam," and the fugal "Cum sancto spiritu." The

Nicene "Creed" has 668 bars, the first part down to the "Incarnation" being sung by the choir. The "Incarnatus" is arranged for sextet, while the "Crucifixus" (in which the voices sing in unison on the note E for 53 bars, with muted violin accompaniment) is for chorus, the "Et in spiritum" being for quartet, continued down to the "Amen," with the usual fugue. The "Sanctus," of 66 bars, was that substituted by Cherubini in 1822 for the original "Sanctus," while the "Benedictus," of 130 bars, is familiar to most musicians. The "Agnus Dei," of 367 bars, for quartet and chorus, concludes a work which is, in many respects, one of the greatest Cherubini ever wrote. Too much praise can hardly be accorded the orchestra, the chorus, and all concerned, an especial word of commendation being the meed of the chief soloists, Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey, Mr. Shakespeare and Herr Henschel, for their very admirable rendition [!] of unusually difficult and trying music. The general programme included a "Sanctus" in D by Bach, the "Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt" of Beethoven, and the "First Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, sung to the original German text, though none the better on that account.—*Figaro*, April 28.

FESTIVAL PROGRAMME NOTES.

HANDEL'S "UTRECHT JUBILATE."

THE *Utrecht Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were written in 1713, thirty years before Handel's greater *Dettingen Te Deum*. They belong, in fact, to the period in which he was mainly engaged in the production of Italian operas, and before he had turned his attention to the oratorio. Chrysander is astonished not only by the contrapuntal art displayed in this work, but still more by the fact that Handel, at the age of twenty-eight years, should have gained the ripe experience here shown in religious matters. "At the same time that he was cultivating soft Italian love strains, we see him also leading a serious inward life, which, from time to time, excited by joyful experiences of his fellow-men, broke out with power." The same writer adds:—

"The genesis of this composition can be traced. With this work for the church, Handel came nearer to the old English masters than in the Italian operas. Purcell, twenty years before, had also set a *Te Deum* with *Jubilate* for the festival of St. Cecilia's day, which was performed at least once a year, and was universally regarded as the greatest composition on that text,—indeed, as unsurpassable. This work Handel laid before him as a model. The relationship is as great as could be without positive equality. Commonly, the chorus with Handel is what the chorus is with Purcell; and it is the same with the solos. Nay, in the *Jubilate*, the identity of plan goes so far that, in both works, the words 'Be sure that the Lord' form a duet in A minor, and the following, 'O, go your way into his gates,' an Alla Breve chorus. Frequently little passages have almost the same tones. With such inward spiritual affinity as existed between Handel and Purcell, their *Te Deums* must have become similar, even if Handel had never heard of the work of his predecessor. Handel made his first *Te Deum* after Purcell, just as much as he made his last, the *Dettingen*, after Urio. But here you may seek in vain for the faintest shadow of a plagiarism. Purcell's *Jubilate* can least bear the comparison; it lacks the deep and devout poetry of Handel's. Good music it is always, but after Handel's mightier work it takes but little hold."

The *Jubilate*, with its short, trumpet-toned introduction, is well suited for performance separately from the *Te Deum*, although it consists of only six mostly short, but elaborate pieces. The opening chorus, an exhortation to holy joy, sprang from a Latin psalm, "Laudate pueri," which Handel had composed in Rome in 1707. A single voice, following the hint of the trumpet in the prelude, first unfolds the theme, dwelling long on the first note, "O"; then proceeding in rapturous roulades, "be joyful in the Lord," the last tone again held out,

and finishing the florid melody on "all ye lands," with a hold of several measures upon "all." The chorus takes up the strain with emulous response and imitation in four parts. This is all inspiring and brief, and in the key of D.

2. The next chorus, still in D, "Serve the Lord with gladness," begins with a short, joyful fugue theme in four parts, and while the same goes on in the orchestra, a counter-theme in long notes, descending from the fifth to the key-note, sings, "and come before his presence with a song." Afterwards the soprano is divided into two parts, for the fuller expansion of theme and counter-theme in double fugue.

3. The next sentence, "Be ye sure that the Lord he is God," etc., is naturally in a more thoughtful strain, a duet for alto and bass, in A minor, of great beauty and tenderness.

4. Five-part chorus, Alla Breve, in F, "O go your way into his gates." This might stand by itself as a most beautiful, poetic, spiritual motet. The voice parts move in smooth and even half notes, almost uniformly, while the string quartet supplies a modestly ornate counterpoint, all in a cheerful, tranquil, and contented strain, and full of lovely sequences. In expression it is as simple, heart-felt, and naive as possible, yet in its uniformity there is no taint of commonplace, it is sincere religious music; the consummate art conceals itself.

5. "The Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting," etc. Here again, by way of relief between two great choruses, Handel treats one of the gentler texts in an individual form, making a trio for two altos (or tenors) and bass. It has "so much warmth and pathos, that it requires but a slight breath to make it blaze up again into the bright flames of the chorus."

6. The *Jubilate* ends, as it began, in the bright key of D, with two strong, brilliant choruses: the first an eight-part *Gloria*, or ascription, the voices all in uniform long notes, with an active figurative accompaniment, followed by a five-part fugued chorus, "As it was in the beginning," etc., and "Amen," forming a splendid climax to the work.

The additional accompaniments by Robert Franz are used in this performance. J. S. D.

CHORUS BY J. S. BACH.

DURING five years, mostly in the earlier period of his residence in Leipzig, Bach composed, for every Sunday's service and church festival, a cantata, consisting of orchestral introduction, recitatives and arias, chorales and great choruses. These were sung once and then laid aside, only to reappear within these last few years in the splendid volumes of the complete edition of Bach's works, now in course of publication by the Bach Gesellschaft, in Leipzig. Some three hundred and eighty of these cantatas are either published or known to exist in manuscript. This short selection for the festival is the concluding number of the cantata (once performed here in a Harvard Symphony Concert), entitled "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss" (My Heart was full of Heaviness), which dates back to an earlier period, when he lived in Weimar, 1714. It was composed for the third Sunday after Trinity, June 17, and the text has reference to the epistle of that Sunday. Nevertheless, Bach wrote over it, "Per ogni tempo" (Good for any time).

This splendid final chorus, upon the same text with that of Handel's *Messiah*, is even more exciting and sublime than that, although it is very much shorter and its musical subject-matter of the simplest. But in its wonderful conciseness, every phrase, every chord strikes with an electric force; and it is all over, leaving the hearer breathless with amazement, before Handel's lengthier "Worthy the Lamb" and "Amen" chorus has more than got fair headway. Here Bach's three trumpets come in with stirring effect. It is in C major. The words "The Lamb, that for us is slain, to Him will we render power and glory," etc., are declaimed by all the voices with stupendous and startling modulations. Nothing could be more exciting and full of grand presentiment. As each deliberate phrase rings out, you seem to hear the echoes in the pause that follows. Then the time changes to Allegro. A solo bass voice declaims, "Power and glory and

praise be unto him forevermore," lengthening out the "Amen, Allelujah" in florid roulades, while voice after voice (*solis*) take up the theme and pursue the fugue. Presently the *tutti* join them, first in one part, then another, until the whole mass is drawn into the harmonious vortex, and amid stirring trumpet-calls, it surges on to a higher and a higher climax, and the whole ends in a blaze of glory; almost too suddenly, you think, although the musical matter has been fully treated and exhausted. It is truly a sublime conclusion to a noble work.

J. S. D.

MENDELSSOHN'S "FORTY-THIRD PSALM."

It is almost unaccountable that this short Psalm, so much more available for numerous occasions, as well as for church service, than the longer Psalms with which we have been familiar,—a work, too, of the ripest period of Mendelssohn, a perfect instance of his purely vocal writing, requiring no accompaniment,—should now be heard here only for the second time. We owe its introduction to the "Cecilia," at one of its concerts of the present season. It is in every way a noble, an impressive, and most interesting work.

The first words, "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause," etc., are strongly given out in unison by tenors and basses, in D minor 4-4 measure; holding out the last note (dominant) to form a firm organ-point, on which the sopranos and altos in four-part harmony deliver the second clause of the sentence, "O deliver," etc. The same process is repeated with the next two clauses of the text, "For thou art the God," and "Wherefore mourn I," only this time the organ-point is on C, leading as dominant to the bright key of F major, filling the clouded harmony with sunshine at the thought, "Send out thy light," the tenors and basses now dividing, like the upper voices, so as to form a rich eight-part harmony.

Here the rhythm changes to Andante, 3-8, and a new but kindred theme is taken up, still in D minor; and in the same antiphonal manner the fourth verse is sung as far as "I will praise thee on the harp," when all the eight parts are again united. On the last two verses the key brightens into the major, the time becomes Allegro Moderato, and in square 4-4 measure the Psalm concludes in a resplendent and triumphant blaze of harmony. At the exhortation, "Hope in the Lord," many will recognize the same repeated little phrase that occurs also in the Psalm "As the hart pants," and which seems to have been a favorite with Mendelssohn in the setting of such words.

J. S. D.

SAINT-SAËNS'S "THE DELUGE."

The Deluge, by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, is the most notable novelty in the Festival programme. Conceived apparently in the same romantic vein as the symphonic poems which have become somewhat familiar to Boston audiences—*Le Rouet d'Omphale*, *Phaëton*, *La Danse Macabre*, and *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*—the composer seems to follow in the wake of Hector Berlioz, employing all the modern instrumental appliances for heightening musical effect. *The Deluge* is, in fact, an orchestral work, with only enough of recitatives, solos, and choruses to describe the story of God's punishment of sinful man and His subsequent covenant with Noah. The vocal portions of the score are, in fact, its weakest. Saint-Saëns, with all his knowledge of Bach and the masters, and with all his attainments in composition and orchestration, has not, so far as we have been permitted opportunities to judge, displayed great skill or invention as a vocal writer.

The Deluge, is divided into three parts. The prelude is for strings, and includes *motifs* which are repeated in the interludes and accompaniments of the opening recitatives. The theme of the tenor solo, "This race I'll exterminate," is taken as the subject of a choral fugue. The Almighty's command to Noah is told in a dignified aria for baritone. The choral fugue is repeated, ending with an emphatic enunciation, simply harmonized, of God's reasons for His course. In these movements for chorus there occur episodes in a chanting style, while beneath is heard the theme of the fugue in detached phrases.

The Second Part begins with a short recitative, "And Noah did as God had everything commanded," and the musical painting of the scene of the deluge begins at once. It is a most gorgeous piece of instrumental writing, and in it is employed every form of instrument which may serve to heighten the effect of the picture. Here is a list of the instruments for which parts are written; Strings and harp; one piccolo; flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, in pairs; horns, chromatic horns, trumpets, trumpets with pistons, trombones with pistons, all in pairs; three trombones of the common form, and three bass tubas; four kettle drums, great drum, cymbals, and gong. The composer has used them all with consummate skill. The vocal part amounts to little more than a chant, having no melody to speak of, and when not in unison is modestly harmonized. The effect at the close, as the chorus chant against sustained chords, "Mid the horror of night eternal, waste and void," and indeed of all the movement which succeeds the storm, is very impressive. Amid the storm we hear thundered out the *motif* of the fugue in the First Part. The entire scene is intensely exciting in its treatment by the composer.

Milder orchestral means are employed in the Third Part, which is largely of a pastoral character and, though sounding tame in comparison with the Second Part, includes the loveliest music in the cantata. The sending forth of the dove, the return of the winged messenger with the olive branch, the going forth from the ark, the heavenly sign of promise, all are pictured with great skill, and, what is more to the composer's credit, great beauty, especially in the orchestration, the vocal part always remaining weak by comparison. A spirited fugue, in which the covenant is enunciated, brings the cantata to a close.

F. H. J.

OPINIONS OF THE SAINT-SAËNS
"DELUGE."

(Correspondence of the New York Tribune.)

Then came Saint-Saëns's "Deluge," about which expectation had been raised to fever-heat. There are some compositions which one neither comprehends nor enjoys at the first hearing, but which one feels impelled to return to again and again, until their meaning becomes clear, and their hidden beauty or sublimity makes itself felt at last. Again, there are other works which bear utter vapidness, spiritual and intellectual poverty, and hopeless emptiness stamped upon their very forehead. To this latter class the "Deluge" belongs. One asks himself in sheer amazement how a man of Saint-Saëns's ready invention, easy fascination, electric nerve and profound musical erudition—how a man of his musical *savoir faire* should have been, not willing, but able to produce such a monstrous inanity as this cantata. There is one melodic and one contrapuntal idea in the "Deluge." They are not strong, grand, nor even very beautiful ideas, but still they are tangible themes. They are used to no purpose whatever. Curious, but true; for the man is one of the cleverest writers living, and his subject is certainly a strong one.

The "Deluge" may be described as one of the most superb feats of orchestration ever accomplished. Never was musical Nothing so wonderfully scored. No matter what instruments are used, whether it is the simple string quartet or the whole orchestral panoply that Paris alone among the cities of the world can furnish, the instrumental effect is as beautiful as it is astounding. The chorus and solo voices have little to do save in the way of recitative (and what recitative!) except in two bits of fugued writing; the first to the words, "This race I'll exterminate surely," in the first part; the second in the final chorus. Both of these passages are thoroughly poor. The cantata consists of three parts:—

First, *The Corruption of Man. The Anger of God. The Covenant with Noah.* In this part the

orchestra is scored for strings and harp only, exceedingly beautiful effects being produced by solo instruments.

Second, *The Deluge.* This part consists of a single movement. The score is a curiosity: one piccolo flute, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, three trombones, two trumpets with six pistons, two trombones with six pistons, (new Sax instruments, not procurable except in Paris) three "contrabasses" (immense Sax instruments of the tuba tribe, not to be had out of Paris), two pairs of kettle-drums, cymbals, tam-tam, big drum, harps; strings divided into seventeen parts; four-part mixed chorus. Forty-eight instrumental parts in all!

In this extraordinary movement every possible noise, whistling, howling, sighing, rustling, roaring, clashing, banging, that can be drawn from the above combination of instruments, by the aid of pure concords and atrocious dissonances, is made for the benefit of the dumbfounded listener. As a piece of scoring, it is simply wonderful; as a piece of marine painting, it is true to nature, except that the clashing cymbals do not sound as nature looks; as a piece of music, tone-painting, or anything else that is meant to be listened to, it is singularly and even ingeniously impressive.

Third, *The Dove. The Descent from the Ark. God's Benediction.* Here the orchestra assumes more usual proportions, and we pass from one enchanting bit of tone-color to another still more beautiful; only the trombones in the closing *fugato* are really vulgar.

The orchestration of the work only is dwelt upon. There is nothing else to describe; absolutely nothing. "Much Ado about Nothing" should be inscribed upon the tombstone of this unique composition.

(From the Boston Courier, May 9.)

The thunder chorus (Haydn's) was rather tame compared with the storm which followed it in the *Deluge*. To have two showers in one evening was a bold innovation, and Haydn's weather suffered by comparison with the general cyclone of the French composer. To us it seemed as if the sopranos casually remarked, "Oh what horror," and the kettle-drum proceeded to get up what horror it could at short notice, while the tenors assisted it by singing out of tune. Far different was the storm passage of the *Deluge*. The curse of Heaven had been pronounced against a fallen race. Amidst the rising storm are heard the notes of the curse *motif*, rising higher and higher, and with an import that was big with impending fate. The rise of the storm itself is worked up with all the skill of a master of modern instrumentation, from drum to cymbal; from cymbal to gong, the fury of the crescendo rises; its subsidence from sixteenths to triplets, eighth notes to quarters, etc., in gradual retard, is most thrilling. To us the work seemed as the most powerful of pictures. We feel bound to say that this awe was not shared by the audience, who gave the number but little applause. It was not always correctly sung, but it is terrifically difficult for the chorus to intone properly, even though the vocal passages are in unison. The third part is most melodious, and ends with another difficult chorus. Strings are much used in the first and third parts, the former containing a violin solo of great beauty, which Mr. B. Listemann played with breadth and expression. The soloists, Misses Hubbell and Winant, and Messrs. Adams and Dudley, all exerted themselves earnestly, and Miss Hubbell deserves credit for carrying through a most trying part very successfully. The only fault to be found with her is the needlessly reedy (or violin con sordino) quality of her upper notes, which on some vowels (O, for example) was disagree-

able. While there was lack of power in the male soloists, there was no incorrectness of importance, and they, as well as Miss Winant, whose rich voice was heard to advantage even in a small part, deserve praise. L. C. E.

(From the *Saturday Evening Gazette*.)

From *The Seasons* to Saint-Saëns's *The Deluge* was a tremendous leap—a ridiculous leap, in fact, as it was from extreme naturalness to extreme artificiality. It would hardly be fair to pronounce judgment upon Saint-Saëns's work upon only a single hearing; but it is not unfair to state the impression it made upon us, which was a thoroughly unfavorable one. Its vocal features seemed absurdly insignificant, flat, insipid, and inexpressive. The whole value of the composition is found in its orchestration, which is marvelously rich and effective. The work is an exaggeration of all that was prominent in the style of Berlioz, who might have exclaimed prophetically, "Après moi *Le Deluge*!" The opening prelude is a graceful and flowing endless melody of the Wagner school, marked with much poetic charm of sentiment; but after this there is nothing upon which the memory dwells with any pleasure. The tone painting of *The Deluge*, in the second part, is a wonderful bit of orchestration, but it is excruciatingly noisy, ear-splitting and bizarre. Knowledge and power are undoubtedly shown, but in such a lurid, confusing, and extravagant manner as to perplex, daze, and overwhelm. So furious is the working up of this portion of the work, so completely has the composer expended all his force upon it, and so utterly has it deafened and prostrated the listener, that what follows seems not only ineffably tame, but superfluous. If Saint-Saëns wished to show how thorough a command he has over all the resources of orchestral effect, how perfect is his knowledge of the timbre of every instrument, how great a master he is in combining and contrasting varied qualities of tone, he has succeeded beyond all question. But if he imagined he was writing music in which there was the faintest trace of what is understood as inspiration, he has made a consummate failure. Nothing more deliberate, nothing more cold, in spite of the simulation of fire in it, can be well imagined. It is hard and mechanical from beginning to end; at times a blood-and-thunder tone melodrama, and when it is not that, a dreary waste of artificial and insipid sentimentality. The solos did not afford the artists concerned any opportunity to distinguish themselves. They were sung by Miss Hubbell, Miss Winant, Mr. C. R. Adams, and Mr. G. W. Dudley, who are to be commiserated even while they are praised for their efforts.

VERDI'S REQUIEM—TWO OPINIONS.

(From the *Evening Gazette*.)

The oftener we hear this great composition the more beauties we discover in it, and the more we are struck by its power. It will stand as the finest effort of the present day in the direction of sacred music. That it is dramatic in effect, that its passion is physical rather than intellectual, that it follows too closely the literal interpretation of the language, have been brought against it as coarse and unpardonable faults by those who are wedded to the belief that the example set by the profounder German composers of church music is the only one to be followed; but who is authorized to frame an arbitrary law to confine genius within the limits of a fixed style. Verdi is not to be condemned because his "Requiem" is not modelled upon that of Mozart; is not to be depreciated because he has followed the dictates of his own genius instead of having bent it in the direction of another's. The real question seems to us to be, does Verdi's music fairly express the sentiment and the spirit of the words to which he has set it? We believe it does,

and with wonderful power and effect. The true test of such a work is not the impression it makes on transcendental pedants who condemn the composer because his practice does not follow their theories; because he has not confined himself within the arbitrary limits within which they insist elevated imagination shall be confined. On the contrary, the test is the effect his achievement has upon refined natures, who do not feel it incumbent upon them to think by rule. At each performance of this work here, the audience that has listened to it, certainly as cultivated an audience as our city can produce, has been profoundly stirred and deeply impressed by the lofty sentiment of this masterly effort. The musical genius of our day can show nothing equal in combined power, grandeur, tenderness, true poetic feeling and tremendous energy. Verdi's manifest aim was to produce what seemed to him the most impressive effect. He accomplished his task with unquestionable genius, preferring to think and write as a man of his era instead of trying to think after the fashion of a bygone time, and after the manner of composers with whom his temperament had no affinity. The chief censure of the martinets of style, who believe that no serious music is born out of Germany, is that Verdi has not written as Bach, Handel and Mozart have written. That point may be safely conceded. He has written as an Italian, and a great one. As such let him be judged.

The interpretation of this work on Thursday evening was the best it has received here. The choruses as a rule were grandly sung, the only fault being a slight fatigue shown in the wavering of the voices, which may perhaps be accounted for by the tremendous pace at which that body had been driven by rehearsals and performances. The orchestra merits unqualified praise for the brilliant quality of its work. The soloists were Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Cary, Signor Campanini and Mr. Whitney. Mrs. Smith did but scant justice to the soprano solos, and her intonation was often painfully false. The great solo triumph of the evening was achieved by Signor Campanini, who sang the "Ingemisco" magnificently, exciting a frenzy of enthusiasm in his hearers. The concerted music was delightfully interpreted. Taken altogether, the performance, despite a few shortcomings, will be memorable for its brilliancy, its strength, and the profound impression it created.

(From the *Sunday Courier*.)

After hearing Verdi's *Requiem* for the third time, we can say, truthfully, that the work does not, as a whole, grow upon acquaintance. Its dramatic beauty thrills the first time—pleases the next—and leaves one unmoved the third. Its chromatic scales (of which there are dozens and dozens) show signs of wear, and its kettle-drums and sudden pauses become tame, since they no longer take one unawares. Of course, we have no intention of denying great beauty to some parts of the work as, for example, the opening number, the *Ingemisco*, the *Confutatis*, and others. The chromatic harmonies of *Quam Olim* are not widely different from effects which Mendelssohn introduces in his *Athalie*, and are more legitimate than the mere scramblings of double basses and brass in the other numbers. The chorus singing was not as good as when the work was previously given, and it only confirms the statement above, that the enthusiasm (of the chorus) seems to have evaporated. The attacks were not always prompt, the pianissimi never soft enough; but the broader portions, such as the *Dies Irae*, were strongly given. The solo quartet, was the best balanced of the festival. Mrs. Smith's voice rang out with telling effect throughout, and she really accomplished Verdi's requirement of singing softly and sweetly in altissimo. Once or twice only, was there a wavering and indecisive tone, but her general work was excellent. Miss Cary sang her solos with electric power. To our mind, hers was the most artistic singing of all. Mr. Whitney sang the *Confutatis* finely, except at the passage, after the agitated chromatic runs, at the words *Voca Me*, where pathos (a quality which his grand voice lacks), was wanting. Campanini sang the *Ingemisco* very

dramatically and with pathos. He committed one blunder which would have raised hisses in Italy; at the final phrase, he forgot where to take breath, and (wind failing) he cut the word *Dextra* in two, breathing in the middle of the first syllable. He was encored and repeated the song, but not the mistake. L. C. E.

LADY PIANISTS.

Pretty much the same principle holds good in pianoforte virtuosity at the present day in Germany as of novel-writing in England—both are almost entirely in the hands of women. On looking through the lists of English booksellers, we find at most only one romance from a masculine source to ten or twelve by female writers. A survey of our concert-bills gives about the same proportion between female and male pianists. Nay, in many a concert season, such as that just over, for instance, the male pianists seem to vanish altogether before the preponderance of their key compelling sisters. That this universally established and daily increasing supremacy of young ladies over the pianoforte does not greatly benefit them or the pianoforte is an opinion we have already often expressed. The similarity with female novelists does not entirely cease, even with regard to quality. We have many very excellent and some eminent lady pianists, while one here and there attains the height of accomplished male art. But this is an exception, only proving the rule that women, owing to their more tender organization, physical and intellectual, are restricted to a less extensive domain of art, mostly that of small, delicate delineation; and, even in the case of their most brilliant representatives, we miss a last decided something in grandeur and depth, in soaring boldness and free humor. We will not to-day again give utterance to our serious and unfortunately quite useless warning against the practical and social disadvantages attendant on the increasing number of young ladies who select as their career that of a virtuosa; we will merely mention the simple fact that, during the present scholastic year, out of some four hundred paying pianoforte pupils received at the Vienna Conservatory, more than three hundred and fifty belong to the gentler sex. To what is this to lead?—EDUARD HANSLICK, in the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880.

THE FIFTH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

SECOND CONCERT WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 5.

THE audience was even larger than on the opening night for *St. Paul*. Two strongly contrasted works were given: Spohr's *Oratorio, The Last Judgment*, for the first time here in twenty-five years, and Rossini's rather too familiar *Stabat Mater*. Both works are full of melody, though of a very different style. The general impression of the former corresponded essentially to the description which we have already given. All found the music sweet, melodious, delicately refined and finished; wrought out with a rare, peculiar subtlety of harmony, with much contrapuntal skill, and with a perfect mastery of orchestral means,—modest compared with the orchestras of to-day. The sweetness, however, with the perpetual chromatic and even enharmonic modulation, while everything was beautiful in detail, was cloying on the whole. A few bars, now and then, of plain diatonic harmony would have been so refreshing! whereas at each harmonic step we have an accidental flat or sharp, or double

flat or sharp, either in the upper or the lower part, if not in both! Spohr never could divest himself of his mannerism, great musician as he was.

Then, as a treatment of an awful theme, this whole music, with hardly an exception, is extremely mild and amiable, as we have said before; and for the most part the texts selected justify it. Only one of the choruses: "*Destroyed is Babylon*," in the second part, taken with the (not immediately) preceding Bass recitative: "*The day of wrath is near*," contains any hint of anything appalling. There are several grand, majestic choruses, like the opening, "Praise his awful name," and the final, "Thine is the kingdom, Hallelujah," etc. But there are more of tender sentiment and beauty, some of which are heard occasionally in churches. The chorus singing and accompaniment was all admirably well done.

The solos, as we have said before, form rather a secondary element in the work. Miss Ida W. Hubbell, the soprano, sang with intelligence and taste, as well as with zeal and fervor; she has a clear and telling voice, sometimes a little strident in the highest tones,—a voice which holds its own against full orchestra and chorus, but not particularly sympathetic. Miss Winant's rich, sympathetic alto was very serviceable in several quartets. Mr. Courtney, the tenor, was in better voice than commonly before, and sang, as he always sings, with true style and expression. Mr. M. W. Whitney was more fully himself, more thoroughly alive, and less the passive slave of his grand bass voice, than in *St. Paul*.

The orchestra throughout was satisfactory, and it has really the most important part. Besides the long overture, which is serious and impressive, and contains many beauties, there is a yet longer introductory symphony to the second part, where, if anywhere, one would expect to feel a dark and terrible foreboding of the wrath to come. On the contrary, it is almost festive,—at least the larger part of it; it moves with a gay, buoyant rhythm, and seems like the prelude to some gorgeous pageant. Does it perhaps mean (we heard the question asked) that "in the midst of life we are in death," that in the midst of joy and merriment the great doom may overtake us unawares? Think what we may of Spohr's oratorio, it certainly added, in the way of contrast and of knowledge, to the interest of the Festival. We should not wholly forget Spohr; even in this form he is worthy of revival now and then.

If any musical work of equal magnitude and merit can be called hackneyed, it is Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. It is the one thing always put up by the travelling Italian and other opera troupes, when they wish to utilize a Sunday evening by giving a "sacred" concert. We have performances of it, good, bad and indifferent, without end. It cannot be called a profoundly serious and impressive work; Rossini himself, in a conversation with Ferdinand Hiller, spoke of it as only *mezzo serio*. But it is beautiful, it is genial music; it abounds in melody,—clear, spontaneous, original, and full of sensuous charm, while portions of it go deeper and are almost sublime, particularly the opening and the *Inflammatus* (this time wisely made the closing piece, omitting the weak fugue). All the singers like it, because it affords fine opportunities for their voices.

On this occasion, so good was the performance, the work seemed to have received a fresh lease of life; we listened to it all with unexpected pleasure; it was an agreeable surprise to find that after all it had still something interesting to say to us,—nay, positively fascinating after such overstrained efforts as the *Manzoni Requiem* and the *Deluge*.

It was indeed an admirable performance as a

whole, and in nearly every part. The choruses rolled out with a clear, full, satisfying volume; light and shade, accent, color, were carefully regarded, and the accompaniment was excellent. The great sensation of the performance was Signor Campanini's singing of the *Cujus animam*. The wonderful power and sweetness of his tenor voice, so evenly developed throughout its great compass, his perfect method, great endurance, sure and finished execution, were only equalled by the fervor and the freedom with which he gave out his best. And it was all unimpeachable in point of taste. He did not, like most tenors, shout this aria in a loud, aggressive style, making it a mere display of startling power; there was much of delicacy, of tender and fine feeling, revealed in his subdued, expressive rendering. Miss Annie Cary (her first appearance in the Festival) was perfectly at home in the contralto parts, and never were her noble voice, her consummate execution, her whole honest, hearty style of singing shown to more advantage. Miss Fanny Kellogg had hardly the physical strength for the *Et inflammatus*, though it was an intelligent and creditable effort: but in the rest of the soprano part she was eminently successful. Mr. J. F. Winch, too, proved himself quite adequate to the trying *Pro peccatis*, and the requirements of the bass parts generally.

THIRD CONCERT, THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Beethoven's Choral Symphony, with the miscellaneous selections that preceded it, drew an overflowing audience. First came (for the third time in Boston) Mr. Chadwick's Overture to *Rip Van Winkle*, heard with new interest from the fact that the young composer, who had recently returned from his studies in Germany, conducted it in person. He held the orchestra well in hand, and was warmly received as soon as the public became aware who the conductor was. The work loses nothing upon renewed acquaintance.

Then Carl Zerrahn resumed his wonted place, and Mr. Charles R. Adams sang the *Erl-King*, Schubert's Op. 1, with orchestral accompaniment, by no means overpowering or extravagant, by Berlioz. The singer was not in so good voice as he was in *St. Paul*; yet we think justice has hardly been done to the fine qualities of his singing, which was certainly artistic and dramatic, although the contrasts of the three voices in the ballad fell short of the interpreter's intention. Then appeared Miss Thursby, whose sweet, light, birdlike tones were by no means destitute of pathos in the scene of poor, crazed Ophelia from the *Hamlet* of Ambrose Thomas. It was a charming, and a touching piece of vocalization, and seemed admirably suited to her; the audience were delighted. Miss Cary, in the fullness of her voice, and in her noblest style, with perfect ease of execution, sang the jealous Juno's Recitative: "Awake, Saturnia," and Aria: "Hence, Iris, hence away!" from Handel's *Semele*, superbly.

The short Psalm, without orchestra, by Mendelssohn: *Judge me, O God*, which we have described elsewhere, was very impressively sung by the great chorus, the unison passages being firm and massive, and the responses prompt and sure. It must henceforth be a favorite work in choral societies and large church choirs.

As for the *Ninth Symphony*, it will never cease to be decried for the "unvocal" character of the "Hymn to Joy" portion, its overtaxing of average human voices by straining them up to an exceptionally high pitch, and keeping them there; nor will it ever cease to excite the desire of all who know, or have had assurance, of its wonderful beauty, its inspired sublimity, its glorious expression of the sentiment of human brotherhood, and the pure, spontaneous, free religion of the universal heart. The number of the latter class of hearers is continually increasing, while the critics one by one have had to yield to the triumphant efficacy of not a few mainly successful, and altogether inspiring performances. On this last occasion we even

thought the chorus more successful than the orchestra. The prime condition of success, *enthusiasm*, clearly possessed the singers. In the most difficult parts, in the sustained high notes of the religious climax, it all sounded well, however inconsiderately (for voices) Beethoven may have written it. The high soprano tone was smooth and sweet, and hardly ever shrill, so that the ideal of the tone-poet made itself felt for once, if never before. The quartet of soloists, Miss Thursby, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams and Mr. Dudley, were, with occasional momentary short-comings in one part or another, more nearly equal to their arduous task than any we remember to have had before, even in that almost impossible quadruple cadenza. Mr. Dudley has a manly, ponderous, telling bass voice, which he wields to good purpose, and led off in the vocal work, after the suggestion of the orchestral basses, very nobly, giving a spirited impulse to the entire chorus. The orchestra, of over seventy, played the three purely instrumental movements on the whole very finely, especially the heavenly Adagio. The first movement might perhaps have been made a little clearer; and we are not sure that the Scherzo, especially where the rhythm changes to 4-4 in the Trio, did not suffer from the extremely rapid tempo. The double basses burst their bonds and talked out very effectually where the need of human utterance makes itself first felt. Certain we are that the great mass of the audience—those who gave themselves simply up to the music and the thought—found it a delightful, glorious experience, and went home edified, and in a happy, hopeful and believing frame of mind. If *St. Paul* was the best achievement of the Festival, this was the other best.

FOURTH CONCERT, Thursday evening.—Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem*, preceded by Mr. Dudley Buck's Symphonic Overture on Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, formed the programme. On a first hearing, the Overture appeared to be a good square piece of orchestral writing, largely laid out, clear and symmetrical in form, effectively and richly instrumented, with several good themes well developed, although perhaps at too great length. It is the work of a clever and experienced composer, one perfectly at home in all the routine of his art, to whom the plastic faculty of form has become almost second nature. Yet it did not impress us as very original in ideas or treatment, but rather as an essentially commonplace, though outwardly imposing specimen of clever, good musicianship. Mr. Buck can do better things. We speak of it purely from the musical point of view; our recollection of Scott's *Marmion* is not distinct enough to warrant any judgment as to how far the music is a successful illustration of the poem.

Verdi's *Requiem* (heard here for the third time) seemed to call forth the best energies of the orchestra and chorus, and to prove highly satisfactory to the great mass of the very large and eager audience. Of the composition itself, its merits and defects, its great ingenuity and skill,—in some respects originality; the beauty of the opening and many of the middle portions; the preponderance of graphic, realistic and sensational portrayal of the terrors of the Day of Wrath; the artificial, labored show of contrapuntal learning; but the vivid, splendid, picturesque effects of highly colored instrumentation, we have recorded our impressions before, nor do we find them in any way essentially changed or modified. It is not a question of form; that Verdi has not written like a German, but like an Italian as he is, is of no consequence. The question is one of sentiment, of beauty, of poetic and artistic feeling: is the music genial and refined, or is it coarse and artificial? Does it appeal to the deepest feelings of the soul, or only to the sense of wonder? Does it win, inspire and elevate, or does it only startle? We feel that just here is its weakness; it's appeal is not to the best that there is in us; it does not—or only seldom—touch the springs of deep religious love and aspiration, but it appeals to fear. Those texts of the old Latin hymn, which offers the best chance for great sensational display of orchestral effects, are the texts chiefly dwelt upon; it is not so with the greater masters like Mozart, Jomelli, Cherubini,—

the last two Italians just as much as Verdi. If it were a question of mere *form*, then it would readily be seen that Verdi himself has made it so, for, next to the sensational element in this work, is it not the struggling effort to compete with the old masters in this very matter of form, in fugue, and polyphonic treatment, which lends a novel interest to this *Requiem*? No one will ask him to write like Bach, like Mozart or Beethoven, like Cherubini even; but it is fair to ask whether he has written anything as good, as beautiful and true, as independent of the moment's popular impression.

The performance on the whole was excellent. Chorus and orchestra were very seldom at fault. The grander scene-painting came out vividly and strongly. Light and shade were for the most part carefully regarded. The arias and concerted pieces were mostly satisfactory. Mrs. H. M. Smith's clear and powerful soprano voice did good service, though sometimes its effects were overstrained and marred by impure intonation. Miss Cary was altogether equal to her part. Signor Campanini made another great success in the aria: "Ingemisco," and was applauded to the echo. Mr. M. W. Whitney sang the bass solos with grand sonority and dignity.

FIFTH CONCERT, Friday evening, May 7.—The "Spring" and "Summer" from Haydn's *Seasons* offered the greatest possible contrast, most refreshing and most soothing, to the unpeaceful *Requiem* of the night before, and the overwhelming *Deluge* that immediately followed. The fresh, spontaneous, lovely melody served to restore the healthy tone of life again. The music is so uniformly beautiful, flows so easily and naturally, is everywhere so smooth and exquisite, so altogether musical, so free from anything at all forced or sensational, that for this very reason some spoiled appetites are apt to find it commonplace, conventional and dull. The fault is in themselves. To the most musical, to the more deep poetic natures, it was the most delightful. Composed by an old man of seventy, it is the happiest expression of a most genial, child-like sympathy with nature. Its flowing honey does not cloy like that of Spohr. It presents a varied picture nowhere over-colored, nowhere weak or tame. All is characteristic, free from startling contrast and extravagance. The chorus of the thunder storm, so naturally prepared by passages descriptive of the intense midsummer heat, may, be a puny tempest by the side of Saint-Saëns's picture of the *Deluge*, but intrinsically it is more near to Nature and more powerful.

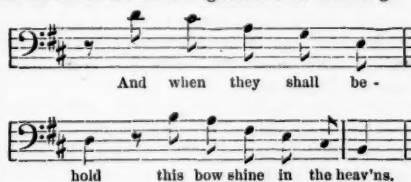
It was sung and played *Con amore*. All the choruses went well except the first, "Come, gentle Spring," which was a little scrambling. The soprano melody was particularly suited to the voice and graceful, naive style of Miss Thursby, who sang most charmingly. Mr. Adams was again in better voice, and with his true artistic instinct gave a most expressive rendering of the tenor part; especially in the Recitative and Air descriptive of the summer heat and its effects: "Distressful nature fainting sinks," he realized the full intention of the music in the most complete and tasteful manner. It is always a pleasure to listen to so true an artist, even if his voice be not in its best condition. Mr. Whitney sang the song of the "Husbandman," and indeed all that fell to his share, very finely.

The general verdict on the Cantata, *The Deluge*, by Saint-Saëns, was, it must be confessed, upon the whole unfavorable, and for once, we think, the popular verdict was about right. The vocal writing seems to have interested very few, while plentiful praise and admiration have been lavished on the transcendent brilliancy and power of its descriptive instrumentation. All the usual and unusual means, to be sure, of the modern orchestra are employed to work up the actual description of the rising of the waters to a fearful and extraordinary climax. It begins suggestively with a faint, watery tremolo, and presently a bubbling and gurgling sound of flutes, and a chromatic whistling of the wind, all quite exciting to the imagination, till finally the great deeps are unloosed with universal, stunning tumult, the like of which in intensity, variety and

cumulative persistency of noise, still kept within the bounds of music, was never realized before. Of course the culminating point of rest, and the subsiding of the waters, is turned to good account by the ingenious composer. But taken as a whole, the work, instrumentally as well as vocally, is to our feeling weak, coarse, wilful, wanting dignity, unequal to the subject, and unworthy of a composer who in other things has shown so much genius, though of an idiosyncratic character, and so much musical learning and *savoir faire*.

The orchestral prelude, (which, strange to say, was much applauded, probably for its mere sensuous charm of sound) is but a vague, creeping, wandering, monotonous, tiresome piece of "endless melody," to use the Wagnerian phrase, which we found singularly dreary and which seemed to come to nothing. Was it meant to represent the spiritual inanity of a race hopelessly lost in sin? This is further explained, and feebly, in a few vocal solos which follow; and then comes the central motive of the whole first, and indeed the second part, upon the words: "This race I'll exterminate surely!" It has an undignified and jig-like rhythm, which it is almost blasphemous to put into the mouth of the Almighty; yet it is first sung as a tenor solo, and then worked up in chorus, to reappear occasionally in emphatic trombone blasts in the midst of the great deluge scene. A few sentences of bass recitative, simple and majestic, would have conveyed the idea more impressively. Then comes a short sing-song chorus in recognition of the upright Noah, about as commonplace and homely as the song "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man."

After the great flood has begun to subside, we have in Part III. most interesting and suggestive themes for an imaginative composer: the scattering of the clouds, the sending out of the dove, the olive branch, the descent from the ark, the rainbow, etc., etc., and here indeed we find the gentlest and most pleasing portion of the music. But again all is spoiled by what should be a sublime conclusion. The command: "Increase and multiply" naturally suggests a fugue. But what a fugue we get! Learned enough, ingenious enough it may be, but desperately dry and uninspiring; the second phrase of the theme is most undignified and scrambling.



The English words are often difficult to sing, and no wonder, for it is commonly a thankless task to turn French vocal texts into anything like singable English.

The performance on the whole was as good as could reasonably be required, especially the orchestral work. And the principal vocalists (Miss Hubbard, Miss Winant, Mr. Adams and Mr. Dudley) did themselves as much credit as could be expected in such music.

—Want of room compels us to postpone our review of the last two concerts.

BERLIOZ'S "FAUST."

Mr. Lang's great zeal and energy in bringing out *La Damnation de Faust*, for the first time in Boston, on Friday evening, May 14, were crowned with success. The means employed were adequate: an excellent orchestra of sixty (Mr. Listemann at their head), a select, well-trained, efficient chorus, of two hundred and twenty mixed voices, and four good solo singers. The rehearsals had been thorough, the reports from New York had excited eager interest in advance, and the Music Hall was crowded with the best kind of an audience. The result was in the main most satisfactory. Hundreds came away convinced of the inventive genius and originality, the many-sided power, the rare musicianship and learning, the consummate *savoir faire*, of Berlioz. Pieces, in every form, of tender or romantic beauty, of startling and terrific power, of vivid portraiture and scenical suggestion, were found in abundance. It is a mingling of many elements: the sentimental; the deep brooding, thoughtful, discontented; the comic and grotesque; the airy, fairy, tricky, will-o' the wisp; the martial and exhilarating; and, more than all, the fiendish and the terrible. One quality pervades it all,—intensity; and this alike whether it spring from real feeling, as when it expresses the brooding melancholy of Faust, and the love of Faust and Marguerite, or from a mere passion for effects

as in the "Racoczy March," the "Ride to Hell," etc. What Berlioz does, he does with all his might. The strangeness of his genius, on the other hand, was felt: its bizarre and sometimes repulsive traits, the hard side that it has, the defiant, wilful, almost cruel pleasure in humiliating contrasts and surprises, the singular sympathy with the unbelieving, scoffing, Mephistophelian element; and consequently the frequent sacrifice of musical charm, as such, to this sort of indulgence. This Mephistophelian element is after all the main-spring and motive of the whole work, in spite of any formal apotheosis of Marguerite. Not so with Goethe; his *Faust* is optimistic.

But the music, in all its moods, is almost always interesting, and takes hold with a certain strange magnetic power. The orchestral alone, of which Berlioz is a consummate master, would make it so, however weak it might be otherwise. We must wait for room and leisure to enter into anything like an analysis of so remarkable a work, and doubtless opportunities will be furnished by more than one repetition of the *Faust* in the next fall or winter. For the present a few first impressions must suffice.

We thought the opening portion, Part I., where Faust is wandering in the Plains of Hungary, musically one of the best. The orchestral accompaniment to his soliloquy, so suggestive of the sunrise and the verdure, and the scents and sounds of the woods and fields, with now and then literal bird-like imitations from the piccolo and horns, is very beautiful; only perhaps too rich and overloaded, suggesting a heavy atmosphere and an overpowering tumult of sweet sounds. But from a subjective point of view, to Faust himself, the very breath and smile and song of Nature might be depressing. The chorus of peasants is thoroughly naive and charming, one of the most beautiful things in the whole work. Now comes the distant sound of approaching soldiers, and the Racoczy March (a separate inspiration, for the bringing in of which this scene is placed in Hungary) breaks out. We like it best in the simplest form as he first gives it; but it is worked up to a wonderful orchestral climax as it goes on.

Part II. opens with Faust brooding in his study; the introduction is sombre and impressive, but Gounod has surpassed it in that prelude which in the theatre is always thrown away upon an inattentive audience. The Easter hymn is very beautiful, a pure, religious piece of harmony, lifting the mind upward; and it was finely sung. With a sudden sharp orchestral figure, like a flash of lightning, appears Mephistopheles, and in like manner he is always heralded. The chorus of drinkers (in Auerbach's cellar), Brander's "Song of the Rat," with its provokingly short, vulgar rhythm, the satirical but regularly built, ecclesiastical "Amen" fugue which follows, the fiend's "Song of the Flea," with all the dialogue, are grotesque enough, and wonderfully clever; but Faust soon sickens of such specimens of "low life," and the scene changes to the banks of the Elbe, where Faust is sung to sleep by a most exquisite chorus of gnomes and sylphs, worthy of Mendelssohn, or of the opening scene in *Oberon*, but very different. This too was charmingly sung. And then the orchestral Dance of Sylphs, which follows, shows an almost inexhaustible vein of fairy fancy. On the way to the home of Marguerite, whom he has seen in dream, choruses of soldiers and carousing students are heard, finally mingling their 6-8 and 2-4 rhythm in a skilful manner, making a bustling, noisy contrast to the quiet, tender scene that follows.

Part III. Faust in Marguerite's chamber. Here is some of the loveliest music in the half-hushed, expectant aria of Faust, and the wonderfully expressive wandering melody of the violins alone, as he walks slowly about the room, examining with passionate curiosity what he sees. As a whole, however, the love scene did not impress us as the best part of the work. It has many delicate and lovely passages; but the "King of Thule" ballad, conceived as an old Gothic song, lacks real melody, and has a hard and artificial character. So, too, farther on, Marguerite's "Meine Ruh ist hin" lacks simplicity, being elaborately composed through, with change of rhythm and accompaniment for every stanza. Here, in the first meeting and the sacred privacy of the dream-acquainted lovers, comes some of the most fascinating, and at the same time most uncanny, music. Mephisto conjures up his will-o' the wisps (*Irrlichter*, "lights that do mislead"), to weave their fatal spell, in an intoxicating and bewitching minuet, around the unsuspecting hearts and senses of the innocents, entranced by the young miracle of love. It is a wierd, wondrous, and inveigling piece of instrumental music. And then Mephisto's serenade, borrowing a text from poor, crazed Ophelia's love-lorn ditty, is absolutely fiendish, with the ringing *ha-ha* of the spirits. The duet of the lovers is beautiful and tender, until the interruption of the fiend, and the

infernal taunting chorus of the gossips whom he has gathered round the house.

One of the grandest passages is Faust's "Invocation to Nature," in the scene entitled "Forests and Caverns," one of the noblest parts of Goethe's poem. Here we reach the climax of the fateful drama; here, at the acme of Faust's discontent, the Evil one steps in, informs him of poor Marguerite's imprisonment and condemnation, and persuades him, under the delusion that he thus may save her, to sign the fatal scroll. No time is lost, he summons his two black steeds, and instantly begins the more and more terrible and breathless "ride to Hell." The galloping rhythm has an alarming persistency; on their way they pass and frighten off a group of peasants singing to the virgin; skeletons and monstrous shapes crowd round them, with hideous, appalling sounds; Faust is horror-struck; but the demon urges on his steeds, and suddenly the fatal plunge is made into the sulphureous abyss; and it is all wrought up with such imaginative power, that the listener almost seems to make the plunge himself. This all reminds one of the ghastly ride in Raff's *Le nozze* symphony; but it is far superior to that and very probably suggested it. The scene called "Pandemonium," the welcoming chorus of the demons in an outlandish tongue, was wisely omitted, and the performance closed with the Apotheosis of Marguerite, in a chorus of aerial and celestial harmony.

Mr. Lang had orchestra and chorus well in hand, and all was complete except that the two harps were replaced by two pianos. The only drawback of importance was, that the orchestra too frequently covered up the voices. This was particularly the case (where we sat) with the part of Mephistopheles, although Mr. Clarence E. Hay has a sonorous bass voice, and sang extremely well. Mrs. Humphrey Allen's pure, clear, sweet soprano, and chaste, tasteful and expressive style of singing, were singularly well suited to the part of Marguerite. Mr. William J. Winch sang the tenor part of Faust with true expression and with fine effect, although he was obliged now and then to spare himself in a sustained high passage. Mr. Schlesinger, an amateur, showed disinterested good nature in undertaking the thankless little part of Brander, of which he made perhaps as much as any singer could expect to make.

CROWDED OUT.—The Festival and Berlioz monopolize all our available space. Meanwhile there have been some highly interesting concerts to which we must revert hereafter; for instance, those by Mr. Perabo, Mr. Preston, Mr. Tucker; above all, the two admirable programmes of Joseffy, with the aid of Adamowsky and Wulf Fries; the successful concert of Madame Cappiani and her pupils; the Apollo and the Boylston Club, etc.

Our concert calendar has nearly run out. There yet remain, however, the third Joseffy concert, for this afternoon, in which, with the exception of one piece with Mr. Lang, the entire programme—an extremely rich and varied one—will be performed by the wonderful Hungarian pianist; and, on Monday evening, the repetition by the Cecilia, with orchestra, of Max Bruch's *Odysseus*.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., May 6.—The Heine Quartet closed its series of Chamber Music Recitals, April 29th, with the following programme:

String Quartet (B flat), Mozart.
Sonata for Piano and Violin, op. 47, Beethoven.
Andante con Variazioni, Finale, Presto.
Misses Mary and Lizzie Heine.
Trio for Violin, Viola and 'Cello, op. 9, No. 3, Beethoven.
Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, op. 25, J. Brahms.
Andante con moto, Rondo alla Zingarese.

The performances have been exceedingly creditable, and it is a good sign that six such concerts could be given here in one season by local talent. The audiences, though not large, have been fair in size, and enthusiastic in temper.

The 270th concert of the Musical Society presented a composition for solos, chorus and orchestra, by Geo. Vierling, a composer not yet well known in America, but one of high standing in Germany, both for talent and musicianship. The text of this work is founded on the familiar episode known in legendary Roman history as *The Rape of the Sabines*. After the orchestral prelude, Romulus opens the action in a short recitative announcing that all quarrels between the Romans and the Sabines are amicably settled. Then follows at once a joyous chorus of the two peoples, rejoicing over the cessation of strife, giving thanks to the gods and invoking their blessing on the newly sworn compact. Annus, a Roman, whose love-episode with Claudia is to form a main interest of the story, invites to festal pleasures. A chariot race follows, in

which Annus is victor, the crowd celebrating his praise in a spirited double chorus. Then the Sabine maidens dance and sing, while the Romans look on enchanted, and Annus declares his love for Claudia in a passionate aria. The Romans join in the chorus of the Sabine women. Then comes a wrestling match in which Annus's victory is again celebrated in an exciting double chorus. At the end of this the Romans begin to warn each other that the time approaches for their plan of seizing the women to be carried into effect. They watch for the signal, which Romulus gives by striking on his shield. He gives the order, and the women are at once seized and hurried within the walls, protesting, and calling on their fathers and brothers for help. This chorus forms the climax for the first part, and with it, the "Rape of the Sabines" is completed. Part II. deals with the unsuccessful attempt of the Sabine men to rescue their women, but the main interest of it centres upon the loves of Annus and Claudia. Claudia reproaches Annus with bitter scorn for his treachery, and declares that, though a weak woman, she will never become the wife of a man who has sought to obtain her by violence. Annus replies passionately that he cannot regret what he has done; his passionate love for her drove him to his act of violence. She grows more and more disdainful, assures him that he has only secured her hatred, not her love, and that she will kill herself sooner than wed him. At last, stung to the quick, Annus gives her his own sword, bidding her kill him, since she hates him so; he will at least die loving her. She takes the sword, but she has at last reached the end of her paroxysm of passion, and a reaction has already begun; his behavior has already softened her, and a terrible inward struggle ensues between her old hate and her dawning love. Annus notes the signs of her change of feeling, and, confident that he has won her, he goes out to beat off the Sabines, who have assembled to rescue their women. While the Romans are gone, the women assemble in the temple of Diana and pray for deliverance, but Claudia watches the progress of the fight from the walls. She sees the Romans victorious, but Annus slain, and over his corpse she acknowledges her love for him in a burst of passionate grief. The whole ends with a new reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines, the former keeping their booty, and all joining in celebrating the kingly race which is to spring from the union of the two peoples.

This text might have been made into an extremely effective opera, instead of a dramatic cantata. It is, however, exceedingly effective in its present form. Both choruses and solos are characteristic of the situations and of the dramatic moments of the play. The composition is musician-like, and the instrumentation is as good as the rest of the technical treatment.

The performance was, on the whole, a good one. The choruses went mostly with spirit, in spite of some timidity in attack on the part of the ladies, who are comparatively inexperienced singers, and also in spite of fatigue due to over-rehearsal. Mr. Luening's enthusiasm led him into this mistake. He needs to temper his zeal slightly, but is nevertheless entitled to great credit.

J. C. F.

BALTIMORE.—(Letter of May 3, concluded from page 50).—The following works have been performed during the fourteenth season of the Peabody Students' Concerts:—

J. S. Bach:
a. Air from the *Whitsuntide* cantata.
Miss Lizzie Kruger.
b. Toccata, E minor. For piano.
Miss Agness Hoen.
Beethoven:
a. Piano-trio, G. Work 1. No. 2.
Miss Agnes Hoen, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.
b. Serenade, D. Work 8. For string-trio.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, and Jungnickel.
c. String-trio, G. Work 9. No. 1.
Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.
d. Piano-trio, B flat. Work 11.
Miss Nora Freeman, Messrs. Lanier and Jungnickel.
e. Piano-quartet, E flat. Work 16.
Miss Helen Todhunter, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer and Jungnickel.
f. String-quartet, C minor. Work 18. No. 4.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.
g. Sonata, A. Work 30. No. 6. For piano and violin.
Miss Helen Todhunter and Mr. Fincke.
h. String-trio, C major. Work 87. (three times).
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, and Schaefer.
i. Piano-trio, B flat. Work 97. No. 6. (three times).
Mrs. Isabel Dobbin, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.
j. Fragments from opera "Fidelio."
Miss Emma Berger, Miss Lizzie Kruger, Misses Seldner, and Barrett, Messrs. Glass and Lincoln.

Cherubini:

a. String-quartet, E flat. No. 1. (twice). 1760-1842.
Messrs. Fincke, Allen, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.
b. Cavatina, from the opera "The Water Carrier."
Mr. William Lincoln.

R. Franz:
Songs, with piano. 1815.
Mr. H. Glass.

Gade:
Novelets, A minor. Work 20. For piano and strings.
Miss Sarah Schoenberg, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.

Asger Hamerik:
Love Song, from work 25. Transcription for piano.
1843.
Miss Mabel Latham.

Handel:
a. Recitative and Air, from "Joshua."
Mr. Wm. Byrn.
b. Theme, with variations. "The Harmonious Blacksmith."
Mr. Adam Itzel.
c. Duet, from "Israel in Egypt."
Messrs. Wm. Byrn, and J. Doherty.

Emil Hartmann:
a. Serenade, A. Work 24. For piano and strings. 1836.
Miss Sarah Schoenberg, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.
b. Piano-trio, B flat major. Work 10.
Miss Mabel Latham, Messrs. Fincke and Jungnickel.

Haydn:
a. String-quartet, F. Work 3. No. 3.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer and Jungnickel.
b. String-quartet, B flat. Work 71. No. 1.
Messrs. Allen, Schaefer, Gibson and Jungnickel.
c. String-quartet, B flat. Work 76. No. 1.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.

J. N. Hummel:
Piano-trio, E flat. Work 12. No. 1. 1778-1837.
Mr. Adam Itzel, Messrs. Fincke, and Jungnickel.

Ex-student, Edwin A. Jones:
String-quartet, F. Work 1.
Messrs. Fincke, Allen, Schaefer and Jungnickel.

Fr. Lachner:
Piano-Quintet, C minor. Work 145. No. 2. 1804-1876.
Mr. Ross Jungnickel, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer and Jungnickel.

Fr. Liszt:
Mignon, song with piano. 1811.
Miss Mary Kelley.

Mendelssohn:
a. Prelude and Fugue, E minor. Work 35. No. 1.
Mr. Adam Itzel.
b. Variations *Serieuses*, D minor. Work 54.
Miss Lizzie Beltzhoover.
c. Songs, for two sopranos. Complete.
Miss Kate Dickey, Miss Ida Crow.

Mozart:
a. Piano-quartet, G minor. No. 1. (twice).
Miss Mabel Latham, Miss Esther Murdoch, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer, and Jungnickel.

b. Piano-trio, E flat. No. 7. (twice).
Mr. Ross Jungnickel, Messrs. Fincke, and Schaefer.
c. String-quartet, E flat. No. 14.
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer and Jungnickel.
d. String-quartet, C major. No. 17.
e. Song, from "Figaro's Wedding."
Miss Kate Dickey.

f. Countess air, from "Figaro's Wedding."
Miss Marie Becker.
g. Cavatina, from "Figaro's Wedding."
Miss Rose Barrett.
h. Recitative and Air, from "Figaro's Wedding."
Miss Mary Kelly.

Schubert:
a. Impromptu, C minor. Work 90. For piano.
Esther Murdoch.

b. Trout-quintet, A major. Work 114.
Miss Agnes Hoen, Messrs. Fincke, Schaefer, Jungnickel, and Leutbecher.
c. Songs, with piano.
Miss Kate Dickey.

d. Song, from Shakespeare's "Cymbeline."
Miss Sallie Murdoch.

Schumann:
a. Carnival. Work 9. Fragments.
Miss Helen Todhunter.
b. Songs, with piano.
Mr. H. Glass.

Arthur Sullivan:
Songs, with piano. (twice). 1842.
Miss Lizzie Kruger.

Verdi:
Scene and Cavatina, from "Attila." 1814.
Miss Helen Winternitz.

R. Wagner:
Spring Song, from "The Valkyria." 1810.
Mr. H. Glass.

Weber:
a. Recitative and Air, from "The Freischütz."
Miss Rose Barrett.
b. Scene and Air, from "Oberon."
Miss Rose Seldner.

C. F.

